

S/Sgt. Louis Denov, our non-Polish "Polack" of NW, didn't get across, but he was in the service for over three years, and was kept plenty busy. While hewas in New Haven, Conn., he married the lovely Jeanette Reynolds who will lighten the burden of his civilianhood. Lou is another of our good NW folk dancers and he is back to NW doing folk dancing with vengeance.

Louis Kohltyn S 2/C, a Sea Bee who was in the service for nearly three years, was stationed mainly at Camp Peary, Va. and Port Huemene, Cal. They threatenend to send him across; but instead he landed in Chicago as a civvie to join his wife and two children.

Cpl. Helen Bannach joined the WACs and was in the service 31 months; over two years were spent in Africa and Italy with the Signal Corps. She is a member of the International House folk dance group and is now back again.

Sgt. Joe Simbal was in the srevice for over three years. He was a reconaissance photographer with the Air Force, and a good one at that. Joe covered wide streches of territory and was everywhere; but what he considered the most fortuate break for him was being present at Ie Shima when the Japanese emmisaries stopped off on their way to surrender. He took pictures galore of this historic event. Joe is an old time LYS member and a good dancer. He is engaged to Eleanore Karalius, a beautiful blond lass who was educated in Lithuania.

Cpl. Joe Lankus won the silver star and a seven page citation for heroic gallantry when he invaded an area where many of our wounded soldiers were surrounded by Japs who were about to kill them. Instead, Joe killed the Japs, about 20 of them, single handed, and saved our boys. Joe was in the service for over three years with the 2nd Marines, and participated in many bloody battles. He is anLYS'r, a good dancer and folk festival vet.

Merrill William Brooks, AERT 2/C whowas an Aero-grapher on various Aleutian and Alaskan outposts for over two years, was discharged during the end of January. He too is an LYS' and a member of the Consumers Co-op(youth section). As soon as he was discharged, he obtained a job at the Dale Dancing studio, to instruct in ball-room dancing. Bill is also a folk festival vet.

Cpl. Marion Goswick finally got his little white paper at the Presidio of Monterey, Cal. Marion, who contributes poetry and articles to VILTIS, stopped off at Topeka, Kansas, for a visit with his folks before proceeding to Chicago. He plans to enter the U. of Chicago to continue his studies. In the Army he served as organist, playing services for as many as seven denominations.

Cpl. Joe Z. T. McCants was discharged from the Marines and is now in Fairhope. Joe was in the service for over three years, overseas some nine months, mainly in Hawaii. Joe's brother, Dan, is in the Navy and now in Japan. His sister, Cpl. Eileen Prewett was also discharged recently, and went to Fairhope to welcome her brother.

PFC Leslie Waller was discharged from the Army on February 2nd. Leslie wrote a novel titled THREE DAY PASS which was published a few months ago. He is now working on his second book which he expects to finish by April or May. In fall he plans to return to Chicago U and work toward his degree.

Capt. Frank Johnson was in the service over three years with the Medical Corps. He is an eye doctor. He followed the invading forces and was in the front lines of every bloody western battle line since the days of Normandy. Frank is a very talanted lad. A good pianist, a good folk dancer and a good folk instructor. He was a member of the International House group. Frank plans

to return soon to Minneapolis, Minn., and attend the U of Minn. to continue with his interrupted studies.

CHICAGO

Vets doing good. Many of our veterans are doing well for themselves in adjusting to civilian life. Our VILTITE Duke Gar Baker holds a very responsible position with the Veterans Admisitration at 226 W. Jackson, interviewing and giving jobs and placements to discharged G-I's. He has a large office with many people (over a hundred) working under him. On Feb. 11, Duke was chosen to go to Indianapolis, Ind. to attend a ten-day administrative course. Good for you, pal! Duke has a very beautiful wife, and a very pretty and smart son of four, Billy.

Hugh E. Jones, Jr., VILTIS co-worker and backer, is also with the Veterans Administration in Camp Grant, Ill., and hold an important position in the Insurance Col-lection Unit.

Steve and Nora Baran, both LYS'rs and VILTITEs, opened their own cleaning establishment at 10501 Ed-brooke Ave., in the Roseland neighborhood.

The Mauck Brothers, Howard and Robert, opened their own grocery and meat market on 33rd Pl., between Lituanica and Halsted Sts. They are doing well for them-selves.

Al Lankus, one of the former star dancers of LYS, is back at the job he held before he entered the service; He is a time-keeper and accountant; His firm sent him to New York for a time-study course. Some luck! In fact, all our boys are doing well.

Miriam Rosenbloom is going places. Since her graduation on a fellowship from the Chicago U., she was elected to Beta Gama Sigma, a national honorary fratern-ity for business schools with it is selection on the basis of scholastic record; each candidate must rank in the top ten percent in the class. Now, she is employed at Spiegel's, a store similar to Sears, as an analyst in the Market Research Department. Her title is Junior Execu-tive.

February, indeed, is the month of the great. Besides Lincoln's and Washington's, that month saw the anniver-saries of: Miss Harriet Vittum, Head Resident of NW Settlement House who is considered one of the ten most prominent women in Chicago and next only to the late Jane Adams in importance in the Social Service Field . . Sgt. John Beck Shank, considered the outstanding poet of this generation, who celebrated his birthday on the same day I did mine (feb. 26th) . . . Al Urban who is considered world's greatest physique photographer (and that's covering a lot of territory) . . . Mr. David Morris, Sr. artist on the staff of the Chicago Daily Sun . . Lester Barder . . . Eugene Robert Grossman . . . Mrs Eddy Strull . . . Mrs. N. F. Schwartz —

FAIRHOPE

Fairhope's Veterans of Foreign Wars, and there are plenty of them, organized a Post on January 7th. The name of the new Post was selected as Gaston-Lee, in honor of two of Fairhope's youths who made the supreme sacrifice for their country.

Lt. Ernest B. Gaston (Barney) was killed over France on August 26, '44. Charles Stephen Lee III, Chief Mach-inist Mate, USN., was killed in August31, '43, during the invasion of Sicily. Both boys are only sons. Both received high recognition for their heroic deeds in performance of duty.

The following persons were elected officers: Com-mander, W. L. McWhite; Adjutant, Arthur Mannich; Vice

Commander, E. Harward Gooden; Junior Commander, David Dougherty; Acting Chaplain, Jack Stanfrod; Ser-geant of Guard, Kenneth S. McIntosh.

Fairhope is now having a new and real bus station, located on Section and Magnolia streets. The nice and roomy quarters are a great improvement over the gas station which formerly served as depot.

Returning home. Mrs. Frances Mitchell returned to Fairhope after an extended visit to New York andFresno, Cal. where she visited her son Bill and family. Her son Jimmy returned to Fairhope from Chicago. He will stay in Fairhope until time to commence his studies at the Chicago U the next quarter. He plans to stay at Inter-national House The Bonnells have returned to Fair-hope. Ray and Peggy will remain in New Orleans until the end of their semester studies at their respective uni-versities The David Doughertys are settling in Fair-hope; they have purchased the Jack Titus property . . . Mrs.Robert Astrella, one of the first war brides to make the trip from overseas, joined her husband ir Fairhope. Mrs. Astrella was a Red Cross worker when she became acquainted with Bob who was then serving as a lab tech-nician with a photo squadron. They were married on July 26th, 1945.

AS FOR MYSELF

I'm back to my old haunts. Back to the place and studio I had before the war. My stuff came from Fair-hope and I have the studio fixed up as in old times. Yet, Chicago seems a bit different; could I be homesick for Alabama?

It was from this place in Chicago, on January 14th, 1942, that Kazy left for war. At that time, an old bottle of Lithuanian Degtinēs, stuff more powerful than Vodka or Tequila, and perhaps the only one in the whole of USA, was put away to be opened when Kazy and his buddy, Arthur Tumosa, returned whole in body and spirit. They did return, and on the Feast of the Purification (Feb. 2nd), in the presence of their newly-acquired wives, the bottle was opened Artie's and Jane's wedding on Feb. 24th was another happy event. I was one of the ushers, Kazy was "Best Man", while Lil was "Maid of Honor". Artie is the last of my "Augintiniai"; I've known him since '32 when he was but ten years old. Kazy an dArtie started romancing with Lil and Jane at a quite early age. On one of our trips to the National Folk Festival in Washington, they tried to pull a fast one on me. Declaring that Artie lost his glasses near the car or on the car's fender, they asked for leave to search for the glasses be-fore someone stepped on them. It was after ten at night; we were somewhere in the Blue Ridge Mountains. I ac-quiesced. But, instead of searchig for glasses that were not lost, they had a pre-arranged date with Jane and Lill to dance at a juke-joint and perhaps take a walk to the nearest town (???). But I frustrated their plans and made them all go to their cabins. Wasn't I the meany try-ing to interfere in their romance? Now, they are married —these my little boys and girls. I sure feel old!

Pasimatysim,
Vyts-Fin.

Evolution: The final atomic bombwent off, wiping the earth bare of human population. The only survivors were a pair of dazed monkeys sitting side by side on a shattered tree. One looked at the other. "Oh, no!" he said. "Don't tell me we'll have to start that business all over again!"

NOOK of POETRY

ANTICIPATION

Burton Lawrence

A choir of birds will softly sing
Above the purling of the stream,
And fragile silver bells will ring
In harmonies from Amor's dream;
The sky will shake out streams of stars
Like cobwebs strung with cherub tears,
And Venus' light will vie with Mars',
When my love appears.

A gentle breeze with fingertips
As tenuous as pollen grain
That clings to moth-wing, to our lips
Will bring a yearning, welcome pain;
A perfume filling mystic space
Like moon-mist as it upward strives,
Will coil around our first embrace,
When my love arrives.

WAITING

Cpl. Marion Goswick

All alone in the quiet of evening,
Feeling a little blue and out of place,
I know my heart should be singing;
I find myself doubting the human race.

I wonder sometimes of the present life:
There are many things one wishes to know,
Trying to escape the atoms of strife,
Waiting the time this existance must go.

"TO A CEDAR"

Gene Wierbach

Green matriarch on younder hill
Her feet sunk deep in reddish clay,
Was left to stand there all alone
To wait the need of some far day,
When mountain men with saw and axe
Will break her long years' patient rest,
And city men will make of her
Milady's hopeful dower chest.

JOURNEY

CONVERSE HARWELL

Exiled and bereft of kin into weary years,
Years of making armaments and sinews of war,
War years of discomfort and privation, now past;
I face a new horizon of peace and calm.

On a cold morning, beneath a cloud studded sky
Splashed with red from the gold of the sun,
I set my face to the far-off, hazy North;
And begin a journey to the home of my youth.

My place of birth is filled with strange faces,
The ways of the people have ceased to be mine,
Distances of youth have shrunk into oblivion;
And I find nothing but loneliness and censure.

To my adopted land of brightness I return,
Gracious friends rejoice at my homecoming,
Air, water and expanse of sweet land welcome me;
Again I am happy, and at peace with the world.